DAY 3

It was 6:45 AM as we​ ​began​ ​our​ ​journey​ ​towards​ ​Leh​ ​​saying​ ​goodbye​ ​to​ ​this​ wonderful state​ ​of Himachal​ ​ Pradesh.​ ​We would be travelling through the snow clad Rohtang Pass. Near the end we would be halting at Sarchu, approximately 229 KM from our current location, said to be the end point of Himachal Pradesh and beginning of Jammu and Kashmir. Sarchu is believed to be the third coldest inhabitant place in India. Due to this reason we would be carrying the oxygen canister we bought yesterday night from Manali market.

We made a stop at a local dhaba en-route around 7:30 AM. We munched Alo Gobi, Aloo Onion Paratha, while gulping down hot tea near the river bank of Beas. I finally was leaving my dream of sipping hot tea near riverside. And what more a better way to kick-start your day than to live a life-long dream.

During our travel to Solan Valley, we witnessed some really huge kinds of roses. They were certainly entrancing given their size and color. The road leading to Solang Valley was quite narrow and neighbored majestic mountains on the either sides. The view from here was definitely astounding. On reaching Solang Valley we noticed various shops offering a plethora of skiing jackets, jumpers and boots. One could easily make that Solang Valley was well known for adventure activities for enthusiasts and adventurers alike. However, the most amazing fact about Solang Valley still remains its height, which is around 10000 ft. from the sea level.

It was 9.45 AM when owing to a traffic jam, our trip was extended almost by an hour. In order to kill the time we decided to go on a little trekking expedition. As we left we nibbled on some hot bhutta so as to boost our energy levels. We were trekking alongside the tempo traveler which was supposed to drive us to Rohtang Pass. Once the traffic started to clear out we moved to the tempo and took our seats. Finally after a duration of almost 3-4 hours the road clear and we started towards Rohtang Pass. However, it was the magnificent view from this height that gave us the chills. It almost felt as if we were soaring in the sky above a tiny world. Even the cars passing by felt nothing more than miniature toys cars with which we used to play in our childhood.

We made a stop at a local dhabba to gulp down some hot Meri Masala Maggie and palatable omelettes. We caught sight of the mighty Satluj River, originating from China, flowing to India before finally ending up in Pakistan. It was 4.30 PM when we headed off for some off-road adventure en-route to our next destination, Serchu. Those were the most exhilarating 30 minutes of my life, as we sat atop the roof of the tempo traveler, taking in the mind-boggling view, the grandeur mountains and the serene Satluj. I would suggest that once in your time do such a thing, it just makes you feel alive and free. However, please note to carry a some cushions or else you will end up with a sleepy bum afterwards.

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The worst part about any trip is travel sickness. And me being the not so lucky types along with Sunny, Sheetal and Robin ended up with it. Thanks to the oxygen cylinder we could breathe better. Though, nothing unlike home remedy works the magic. Thanks to my mom's advice, I carried some Kapoor tablets which made breathing less strainful. While traveling to Sarchu we sighted the beautiful, snow-clad and windy Baralachla Pass. The sun was starting to set and the darkness slowly began covering the sky. It was moonlight which came to our rescue at this hour. The faded moonlight lit our pathway amidst the now scary mountains. And much to our surprise we witnessed a heavy snowfall at Baralachla Pass.

We finally managed to reach our tents reserved by Red Rocks at Sarchu at 10 PM. The Red Rocks people hosted us in an elegant made. We were provided with hot water to drink and use owing to the freezing cold, seemingly unbearable for us. They were kind enough to fix us hot dal, sabzi, rice and roti. The tents were laden with blankets to keep warm and it made them all the more comfortable. But the mountain sickness had wrapped its long hands around the four of us and didn't leave us until the next day.